



The Glass City



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Chapter 1 by Kallaway Haystings

The Glass city stood tall on the hill next to the sea. When the bright stars of the Kallaway Glaxay would finally fade behind the distant blue mountain peaks to the north, the four moons of Meedah would glow, rotating through the star strewn sky twelve times in a night, shining like a million rainbows as it reflected off the surfaces of the city. Sometimes, when the sea's tide would overflow the occupants could awake to find a variety of sea creatures washed up on their doorsteps. It was on one such morning, the air heavy with fog and light just dawning when a small child stumbled upon a most unusual thing.

Chapter 2 by Seirots



Through the heavy mist that blanketed the damp heat-leeching stone street, the child, who was no more than ten years of age, could see a small hard wood box. The corners were inlaid with elegant strips of gold and a beautiful design of a crown was laid out in jewels on the top. She picked up the box in her hands as best as she could, and held it up to the early morning's gentle rays. Sunlight gleamed off the caramel finish on the wood and refracted through the gems sending beams of every imaginable colour in each direction. It was quite heavy to hold and something inside tinkled like glass when the box was tilted.

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Sitting on a plush purple carpet was a city made out of glass, trapped in a tiny ball. The girl picked up the cage with her childish hands and placed it up into the sun. Thousands of colors came out of the glass, even those that had yet to be discovered. In amazement the little girl smiled and afraid of dropping the city she placed it back in the box.

You see, centuries of years ago the city was captured by genetically engineered beings who where rebelling against their masters. Shrunk to the size of a fist the city was trapped in a cage and it's civilians where forced to remain captives for the rest of eternity.

That is until the little girl found them.

Chapter 4 by Free



Although the city of glass was no heavier than the kannerfish the girl always helped her parents haul back into the sea after an overtime, the sense of caution she felt as she carried the box to a place of hiding made the weight feel even greater. The care with which she held the box soon tired her arms.

Stopping at the edge of the stone street, the girl removed the glass city from its purple cushion and sat on the large box's closed lid, indifferent to its obvious value. She held the glass to the sun again and watched the prism effect scatter colors inside the ball.

A passing stranger stopped to observe from the other side of the street and asked, "What have you got there?"

The girl raised her eyes to him and lowered them to the ball. Though she was pleased with his interest in the glass sphere she found, her heart rebelled at the same time. She shrugged and lifted the ball as if it were a trifle. He glanced at the box shrewdly but shrugged too and moved on.

The girl went on her way.

With her prize in her arms, the girl caught her mother's eye as she silently tumbled her way through the front door of her home.

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As the little girl went to her room, she continued gazing at the beautiful streets and buildings trapped within the glass. There was something familiar about what she was seeing, but she couldn't quite figure out what it was. As she walked down the hallway she tripped and the ball containing the city fell onto the floor. The minute the ball hit the ground, the earth began to tremble. She heard a loud crash outside.

Grabbing the ball, she ran out into the street and saw that a building three doors down had collapsed. She looked down at the ball in her hands and gasped as she saw the smoke rising from the rubble of a building inside the ball. As she took a closer look her heart stopped momentarily as she gazed at the girl in the ball looking closely at the ball in her own hand.

Chapter 6 by Molly G



Startled, the girl gazed deeper into the sphere, noticing more similarities as she looked. She could see the McDilland's toy shop across the road, the bakery on Swillan Avenue, in fact, she realised she was holding her whole world in her hands.

The ground shook violently, sending her sprawling. She cradled the ball in her arms, for a strange feeling of protection had come over her, and she could think of nothing worse than the delicate glass ball containing everything she knew existed shattering into thousands of pieces. Her eight year old mind was just beginning to contemplate what might happen if the sphere broke. Would her world cease to exist? Would glass rain down from the sky? Or was the city cupped in her hands just an interpretation?

Looking up, the girl noted the the thunder clouds, blocking out almost every inch of sky. Lightning streaked across the clouds, lighting them up. Rain started falling, like icy pellets, freezing her skin. She stood up, and ran toward the door of her house. As she slammed the door behind her she caught a glimpse of the tree in the park being uprooted and falling, slowly, slowly, then with a crash across the road. Running up the stairs, she flung herself on her bed and carefully put the ball on the velvet cushion in the small wooden box. The thunder storm ceased.

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The girls fingers danced across the ball. Beneath her fingertips she knew lay a treasure that could change her world.

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The girl, out of mere curiosity, opened the box so that only a sliver of light was visible from the inside. In fright, she closed it, peeping through the closed curtains in her room to view the outside world. People had come running from their houses out onto the street to take in their surroundings; the cracks in the earth, the fallen trees, and the building that had been reduced to nothing but rubble.

The girl shut the curtains again, and with a deep breath, opened up the box to see the sphere in all its glory. She ran a finger across the sphere, and watched as the contents inside it spun. The orb, she realized, transitioned from day to night in a matter of seconds.

Her facial features creased, and her body slouched, she let her fingers shakily glide across the curtains again. She stared outside to see her former figure, waving goodbye to her mother as she left for school. The girl shuffled backwards, feeling her body go numb. It was a Sunday. She had left for school on a Friday.

The orb was capable of destroying things. It was also capable of sending her back into the past...did it also have the ability to send her into the future?

Chapter 8 by Pentavalence



Shakily, she spun the orb, this time the other way. All at once, she felt nauseous. Cradling the glass in one hand, the box in the other, she curled in a ball, her world spinning around her.

And then it stopped.

The first thing she noticed was the silence. No birds were singing, no people were working. Even the familiar rhythm of the ocean, falling and crashing and sloshing and rising and falling. Everything was gone.

She ripped apart the curtains with a sudden abandonment. And stopped.

Her world was shattered. Through her broken window, she could see buildings collapsed to rubble. Trees gone. Life desolate.

Worst of all, nothing moved. Ever.

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Was this her city's future?

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She walked out into this strange new world.

the end

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